lutionary terms: the strike was suspended in order to begin the organization of an armed revolt.

Actually this was the end. The hurricane of the revolution had blown over.

BACK TO FREEDOM

All was quiet in the Crosses. Physically I had entirely recovered, but I was confused in my thoughts and feelings. Life was not so simple as it had seemed to me half a year earlier when I told my parents of my decision to join the revolution. I had dreamed of being with the people. But where were "the people"?

I had some doubts whether the road we had followed was right, but I knew I had neither chosen nor determined this road. I had, therefore, no feeling of guilt for the defeat. Simply, I was lost and did not know what I should do next.

The Executive Board of the Soviet sent word to the prisoners to tell their names to investigating authorities. Early in January, 1906, the government decided to limit the case of the St. Petersburg Soviet to two or three score men. All the others arrested on December 3 at the Free Economic Society, some five hundred in all, were released. I was among them.

Droshkies were waiting at the entrance to the Crosses, as in front of a railroad station. I took one and gave the address of my parents. I had not seen them since my arrest but had written to them, and my letters were mailed by the friendly young soldier from the Far East. My mother and sister had brought food, linen, and all the little things that could increase my comfort in solitary confinement. I felt no break with them—the break was in myself. I was like a train stopped suddenly while running at full speed.

But this was not my individual shock. Millions had been stopped this way. Before my eyes was the back of my cabby, round, stooped, immovable. Was he not a man of the people? I asked him:

"How is business these days?"

"Thank God, it is picking up," he replied. "One should not complain, there is order. It was hard under freedom."

"Was freedom so hard on you?"

"Sure! They would not let one drive, would cut his harness. And in our business, whether or not one has a fare, one must pay three rubles a day to the boss for the droshky, horse, hay, and oats."

This was not quite the answer I had anticipated. I had to find out what the true feelings, aspirations, and hopes of the people were . . . if I decided to stay with them after all.